

# Margaret Sangster's Talks On Home Circle Questions

## WHICH SUITOR TO ACCEPT IS OFTEN NOT AN EASY PROBLEM

### It Is Wise to Remember That Bread and Meat Is Needed—Also That Wealth Never Fills an Aching Void in the Heart.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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A GIRL has two suitors. She cannot make up her mind which to accept. Her mind is in a state of indecision, fancy free. In the morning she thinks she prefers Jack. By evening the scale tips in favor of Will. Jack is a solid, sensible, practical fellow, steady-going as a clock, a man with no nonsense about him, a man who plods along the beaten track, and who will be sure by dint of sticking at his job to reach his goal. Either another secretly hope that Molly will take Jack, as they have their doubts about the perseverance of Will in any definite line. And in the morning, when common sense and prudence are in the ascendant, Molly thinks she may. She almost sure she ought to say yes to Jack. Yet, when she sees Will in dress clothes, absolutely correct, with a flower in his buttonhole, with that manner of devotion so courtly, so debonair, so deferential to her and to womanhood in her person, she wavers. In society, she always wavers. Will dances like a feather; Jack plunges like a cloud. Will is brilliant and rattles on to a roomful. Jack is silent and cannot talk, unless on a serious subject, that he knows all about. The two are in contrast at every point. Jack never takes risks; he is cautious incarnate. Will is never more himself than on the verge of peril. He does not know what caution means.

Morally, both lovers are impeccable. They are clean, wholesome, loyal, and manly. Both have a right to the title of gentlemen. Physically, each belongs to the finest flowers of the modern athletic development.

Jack is spectacular. Jack is an old fogey. There you have the difference in a word, and Molly may have either, and cannot decide which to choose.

love with a man who is in love with her. She is the sought, not the seeking; the desired, not the desiring. It is her privilege to be coy, not to be easily won, to make up her mind at her leisure.

When Cupid succeeds in breaking down her defenses and sends an arrow into the guarded citadel of her heart, she will have no more vacillation. She will

When She Sees Will in Dress Clothes, Absolutely Correct, With a Flower in His Buttonhole, She Wavers.....



### Avoid a Marriage of Convenience.

As yet, it must be owned, she is not in love. A girl cannot be expected at once, at an hour's notice, or a week's, to be in

## A NEW GIANT IN LONDON---BIGGEST OF ALL

There has just arrived in London for exhibition a giant, who is undoubtedly the tallest man of which the world has ever had authentic information. Ustus Tachnow is his name, and twenty-four years ago he was born at Charkoff, a small town near the imaginary line which separates Asiatic Russia from the domains of the Shah of Persia. The tallest man to exist hitherto, in anything but fables and myths, totaled a height to the crown of his head of only five feet seven inches. This Russian measures at his stocking feet 9 feet 8 1/2 inches, more than a foot higher than the tallest of his predecessors.

When he entered London he was clad in the rough garb of a Cossack peasant, but this he decided to discard as soon as possible, and in partaking of luncheon at the Hippodrome immediately repaired to a tailor shop on the Strand, where the tailor was obliged to requisition a step ladder in order to take all the measurements with the giant in the usual standing posture. As he reached them off the tailor's eyes grew big as saucers. Across his shoulders the goliath measured two feet one inch; around his chest it was an even six feet; his coat sleeve was four feet five inches long, and around his waist he was exactly six feet seven and a fraction inches. The outside seam of his trousers was six feet and the inside seam four feet seven inches. Later he was measured for a hat and shirt, and his head was found to be twenty-seven inches in circumference, his neck twenty-three inches. A silver dollar could be easily passed through a gold ring he wears on one of his fingers. His foot is ten feet one and a half inches long. The giant weighs 45 pounds, and at the Hippodrome they were obliged to construct a couch for him composed of five ordinary beds placed side and side.

do better by British food in the near future.

Quite a deal of mystery surrounds this modern wonder, now the talk of London. Precisely how he was discovered is not vouchsafed for public information, though an astute showman has him in charge and little can be gleaned from him through interpreters, save that he was over six feet tall when he was nine years old; that he has always worked hard; that is, until he was brought to London, which he does not like, because he cannot walk around freely as at home. He is good natured, not unusually strong, though perfectly healthy and happy in his married life, a most incongruous union, by the way. His wife is a good-looking Russian peasant woman of fairly good height, an ordinary woman go, but beside her giant husband she looks like a doll. She is five feet five inches tall and weighs about 120 pounds. Her little baby, the giant's three-month-old son, is an infant only fourteen inches long and its father is supremely happy when he is walking up and down the room with it nestled in his arms. On his burly breast it looks more like a tiny atom than anything else.

### Compared to Other Giants.

How superlative are the proportions of this giant is shown by a comparison with some of the most famous giants known to history. In St. Louis, at the World's Fair, was exhibited for several months a Frenchman named Beaupre, who was regarded at that time as the tallest living man, and his height was, indeed, quite unusual, even among giants. He measured eight feet three inches from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head and was creating a sensation at the fair, when the great enemy of giants, consumption, carried him off. His emaciated body is now part of the exhibition at a St. Louis anatomical museum.

Eliminating from consideration the mythical tales to which we have but small reason to attach much truth, and the giants of the Bible, whose measurements are rendered doubtful because of the uncertainty as to the real length of the ancient Hebrew standard of measurement, the first of the giants whose stature is authentically vouchsafed for was Oliver Cromwell's cyclopean porter, named Daniel, whose height was under eight feet. Walter Parsons, the celebrated giant of the reigns of James I and Charles II was seven feet six inches in height and possessed of prodigious strength, a rare quality among men of unusual size. One of his favorite diversions was to seize two of the stalwart soldiers of the guard and, tucking them under his arms, carry them around the palace, to their own discomfort and the giant's unrestrained delight. Maximilian Christopher, a Bavarian, who attained celebrity not only because of his height but as a favorite of King Louis XIV of France was exactly eight feet tall. Bramfield, the Staffordshire giant of 1771, was seven feet two inches in height, and Cornelius McGrath, renowned as "the Irish colossus," was seven feet eight inches tall.

Two other Irishmen known to fame for their unusual height, were Charles and Patrick O'Brien, not brothers, however, though both flourished during the eighteenth century. Charles was eight feet two inches in height, and Patrick eight feet seven inches. William Bradley, exhibited to wondering audiences in London in 1732, was only seven feet eight inches, but James Toller, the Huntingdon giant, exhibited the following season, overtopped this height by nearly a foot.

lovers because in her heart there will be no full response to either.

God forbid a girl from a marriage of convenience, or from a marriage in which love is not the feature that predominates, and becomes the convincing reason. But in the early, the initial, stage, when a girl is interested, and begins to look at herself in the glass, and wonder if her hair should be high or low, and puts on a ribbon or a pin with a faint thought of how it will look in the eyes of somebody who is coming to call, and whom she finds good company, she may ask herself certain questions.

### Choose Your Opposite.

In the long run, married people get on better for not being too much alike. Monotony in disposition may become a weariness. There should be contrast, there should be the possibility of undiscovered regions to explore in both after the wedding day.

Nature indicates the law of opposites as better than the law of exact resemblances. A tall man likes to tuck a little woman under his arm. A little man struts complacently beside a grander of a woman. The gypsy will tell you as she crosses your palm, if you are fair, that a dark man will come courting you before twelve months are over. But if you are a brunette, it is a fair-haired viking that she bids you expect.

If Molly be light and mercurial, spontaneous and quick, a being of flashing smiles and ready tears, she would far better trust herself to Jack, the steady-going, than to Will, the reckless. He will perhaps not always keep pace with her changeable caprices, but he will admire and love her and rest her, through them all. If she be calm, phlegmatic, of tranquil nature, and prudent turn, she would better take headlong Will, who in the humdrum round of life will keep things moving and make the home bright and the day buoyant, finding in her his counterpart. People of decidedly diverse temperaments are happier in marriage than people who are almost precisely alike.

### Sentiment and Common Sense.

Sometimes the question is further complicated to a girl by matters that seem superficial, but in a way are vital, denoting as they do points of character. A girl wrote to me that she was sure she loved a certain youth, but that he made mistakes in grammar, "not," she went on to say, "through ignorance, but through pure carelessness. Can I spend my life," she said, "with a man as good as gold, who will mortify me by saying 'was,' instead of 'were,' and 'am,' instead of 'aren't'?"

She had, as Molly has, another lover, by no means as good as gold, whose



MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

English was faultless, and she thought she would marry him. Probably the first man made mistakes because as a child he had grown up among people who did not know much about correct speaking. He had heard colloquial English at his mother's knee, and the schools had not sufficed to unlearn in him what he had learned there. I have heard a girl declare in perfect seriousness that she could never have married an excellent man, because he habitually wore baggy trousers, and an ill-fitting coat. Though he had houses and lands, and a college education, she could never overlook the question of costume. When a girl attaches so much importance to accidents of this sort, she would better remain a spinster.

Older people than Molly are apt to say that whether she shall accept Jack or Will ought to depend somewhat on the income. Love in a cottage is very well, if there be funds to keep the pot boiling. When two people agree to marry, it is wise for them to remember that they will need bread and meat, a roof and raiment, and something of an income to go upon, if they are to maintain a home. A girl should not resolve to accept a rich suitor whom she does not love, because in that case, his wealth will never fill up the aching void in her heart. But neither should she take the poor man whom she does love, unless she sees in him an ability to work, steadfastness and courage, the resolution to put something by for a rainy day, and the dogged perseverance that will enable him to provide for his own. In the experiences of life it sometimes happens that a light-hearted young fellow of Will's type does this as successfully as a sober and plodding man of Jack's.

## A TROUBLE WITH GIRLS IS THEY ARE LONG IN DECIDING

### They Ought to Choose among the Several Avenues Open to Them and Walk in One of Them With a Sure and Firm Footing.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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IF I were a girl again, I would choose among the several avenues open to me, and walk in one of them with a sure and firm footing. The great trouble is that so many girls take so long to decide what they will do, what they will learn and what they will be, that presently a door of opportunity is shut in their faces, and the golden time is passed.

Many girls write to me in a vague, indefinite, purposeless spirit, seeking advice, yet apparently without the faintest self-knowledge. If I were a girl I would first of all take stock of myself. I would be candid and brave. I would scorn cowardice. I would not try to endow myself with a lot of imaginary qualities not one of which I possessed, or with some glittering talents that had never been given to me. I would frankly avail myself of the ability or the aptitude to which God and nature had given me a claim.

For example, if my genius lay in the direction of making puddings and not in that of painting pictures, I would acknowledge the bent and not disregard, as beneath notice, the homely art of good cooking. I would be proud that I might excel in the desirable accomplishment of preparing decent food for decent people. I would not forget to thank God for clever fingers and a quick brain, although my gift might be for sweeping and dusting, and not for writing poetry and romances.

### What a Girl Can Do.

A year ago a beautiful girl told me that she had taken stock of her attainments and possibilities, and had concluded that her duty lay plainly in the lines of home-making. She belonged in a very small family connection, and her father's house was headquarters for the clan.

"People are coming and going constantly," she said, "aunts, cousins, old acquaintances, and classmates of my brothers. I have no brilliant gifts, but I can keep house nicely, set my mother free from care, and make everyone happy and pleased with what is going on."

"That girl was wise, and she need not have underrated the beautiful work she took in hand. To be a home-daughter, a favorite in the family, a nurse in illness, a good manager of servants, is to be an all-round woman indeed. If I were a girl again, that is what I'd like to be."

Make the most of a little.

Although I might never sing like Patti or play like Paderewski, if I were a girl I would not scorn the little gift of song

or music that was mine. A girl whose voice is sweet and well trained, though its compass be small, may give great satisfaction to a home audience. Her father may find much more enjoyment in listening to her simple airs than he would at an artistic performance which was to hers as the song of the skylark to the strain of the tiny wren. Do what you can, and as well as you can, and do it without cooing and pleading and urging, and you will be appreciated.

### The Little Gift of Song.

Music is the most jealous and exacting of arts. I have noticed that the finest performers are seldom ready to play when requested. Either they are



out of practice, or they have not their notes, or they have some other excuse that compels them to refuse, unless they have spent days in preparation. But I know a gentlewoman nearly eighty years old who learned the piano when she was in America and found we were musically crude and ignorant and easily satisfied. This lady still plays very sweetly in her old-fashioned way, and she never has to be asked twice. As a girl she was taught that it was her bounden duty to be entertaining if she could, her musical ability was at the

### Consumes Much Food.

An appreciation of the giant's appetite may be gained from a statement of his first luncheon menu and also the meals ordered by him during the course of the following day. The luncheon consisted of three loaves of bread, six bowls of tomato soup, six portions of fried smelt, six portions of jugged hare, two rice puddings, six bananas, half a pound of cheese and a gallon of beer. This did not entirely suffice to subdue Macchow's eager longing for food, and an hour after he had consumed the meal he was imitating Oliver Twist and calling for more. A plate of ham sandwiches, two dozen bananas, and a dozen oranges were dispatched to his room, and with these he managed to beguile the time until dinner, when he ordered five pounds of underdone roast beef, seven pounds of potatoes, one whole cabbage, and two quarts of beer. After this he requires nothing more for his impatient stomach but a dozen bananas, which he ate at intervals until he retired about 9:30 o'clock. In the morning he consumed twelve eggs, two loaves of bread, and drank two quarts of milk, eating between breakfast and luncheon four sandwiches and half a dozen oranges. At luncheon he partook heartily of three pounds of meat, vegetables and bread, and drank a quart of beer. During the afternoon he ate another half dozen oranges, and in the evening stifles his hunger with fifteen eggs, two loaves of bread, a quart of a pound of butter, and drank two quarts of milk. A plate of sandwiches and fruit is kept constantly replenished on a table in his room, yet he never, through his interpreters, that his appetite is not very good, owing to his long overland journey, and trusts to

## Ministering to a Mind Diseased

THE doctor's telephone bell rang. "Hello!" he said, applying the phone to his ear.

"Hello! Is that Dr. Kewrum?"

"Yes."

"This is Mrs. Ollerzill. Oh, doctor, I have such a tickling in my throat. I just can't endure it. I wish you'd come over as quick as you can and see what is the cause of it."

"The old hypochondriac!" he muttered. "There is nothing on earth the matter with her, but I suppose she has to go, as usual. 'Madam,' he continued, raising his voice, 'what did you have for dinner?'"

"Chicken pot pie."

"All right. I'll be there in a few minutes."

When he visited his patient, a quarter of an hour later, he found her coughing and wheezing, and apparently in great pain.

"No relief yet, madam?" he asked.

"Not a (cough) bit, doctor! It's (cough) getting worse (cough) every (cough) minute."

"Well," he said, opening his case and taking out a small steel instrument with a long handle, "we'll soon remove the cause. People are often troubled in this way after eating chicken pot pie. May I ask you to suspend your coughing for a moment and open your mouth?"

"Will it hurt, doctor?"

"Not a particle. Now close your eyes, please."

She complied and he inserted the instrument.

"See what it is, madam. Hold still. There—that's all."

"Is it over, doctor?"

"Yes, you may open your eyes."

"Did you find anything?"

"I should say I did. Do you see this?" Hereupon he showed her a chicken feather, which appeared to be in a remarkable state of preservation, everything considered.

"Is the tickling all gone, madam?"

"Yes, it's all gone, doctor. I don't feel it a bit now. I just happened to think, though, that I've made a mistake. It wasn't a chicken I had for dinner, doctor. It was roast pork. Oh, dear! I can feel it coming on (cough, cough) again!"

Then the doctor's patience gave way. "Confound it, madam!" he exclaimed, "why didn't you say so earlier? If you'd told me that at first I would have extracted a bristle."—Chicago Tribune.

### HE WAITED

"Supposing you wait here in this comfortable seat by the elevator while I fetch you two samples of ribbon," said Mrs. Mayfair sweetly to her husband, who had been entrapped into going shopping with her. When she came back she said contritely:

"Have I kept you waiting an unparagonably long time, you poor dear?"

"Oh, heaven! I just jumped on a car and ran out to the league grounds and saw most of the ball game, and then I took a little spin in the park with Oton in his new auto. Did you match the samples?"

"One of 'em. It's so provoking! I'll have to come in again tomorrow, for they're closing the store now."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## KAISER'S CHUM MADE A MINISTER



DR. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, New Prussian Minister of the Interior, Who Is an Old College Chum of the Kaiser.

Berlin, April 15.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has called one of his college chums to the Prussian cabinet. He has just appointed Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg to the important portfolio of Prussian minister of the interior, vice Baron von Hammerstein, deceased.

The new minister is one of the Kaiser's warmest personal friends, dating from the days when they were students together at the University of Bonn. They were not only fellow-students, but fraternity brothers, being members of that historic and ultra-exclusive "corps," the Borussia, to which most of the princes and noblemen of Germany have belonged in university days.

The Kaiser, following the ideal upon

which is supposed to rest the success of American politicians, has always "taken care of his friends" since he became Emperor. Dozens of them are filling military, naval, and civil offices of importance and rich emoluments, and he delights to honor them. His majesty's recollections of Bonn are among the very happiest of his life, and the intimacies formed beneath the elms fringing the Rhine at that picturesque spot are cherished by him amid the exacting duties of kingship at Berlin.

### Told Between Acts.

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg is two years the Kaiser's senior, being forty-eight years old. He is a Prussian, born in the province of Hohen-Flow, and

service of her friends, and it is so still. If I were a girl I would not be outdone by an old woman of four score. But our standards may hamper us. Should we let them?

I would learn how to play accompaniments and I would be able, when there was occasion, to play for boys and girls who wanted to dance. I have seen a charming girl seat herself at the piano, in a girls' college, and direct all the beautiful young creatures were dancing like fairies to the music she gave them. In a country house, a brooding hour on the mountains, a party of summer visitors have been made happy evening after evening by a girl whose playing was crisp, precise, and in good time, though not otherwise extraordinary. She was always willing to play when people asked her, and the innocent pastime went on merrily, because she was unselfish and accommodating.

### Too Self-Conscious.

The trouble with many girls is that they are far too self-conscious. If they cannot do things well, they shrink from criticism and will not do them at all. Diffidence and reserve go hand in hand, and prevent many girls from being at their best, or appearing as well as they might, while the pleasure they could scatter broadcast is wholly lost in a world that needs pleasure very badly. Honey and bloom and fun and recreation, sweetness, love, grace of manner, tactful politeness should not be scorned by our girls.

When Polly played for dancing, her slender fingers flew. Across the flashing ivory keys as if they winked at you, the music bubbled under the music of her hand. As if the merry notes were mad to join the festive band.

When Polly struck the measure of two-step or of waltz, The oldest there grew young again and laughed at time's assaults; While lovely Sweet and Twenty, and happy Sweet Sixteen, Went floating light as thistle-down the merry staves between.

When Polly played the lancers, you should have seen us bow. And weary the measures out and in, Would we were dancing now. With Polly playing bravely, and all the old set there, Till who'd believe 'twas midnight by the clock upon the stair?

Then Polly played as gayly as the youngest heart can feel, And lad and lass, we danced again the blithe Virginia reel. If Cupid sped his arrows, be sure his aim was true. When Polly played for dancing, and the notes fairly flew.

If I were a girl again I would take more pains than most girls do in writing letters. I would not care to have a letter that anybody could read, without having to decipher it as if it were a Chinese puzzle. I would not write three pages of prolix explanation before I arrived at the real reason for my letter. I would learn how to say things clearly and agreeably, and when I had finished I would stop. I would not forget old family friends, nor keep my mother waiting for a letter, if I were away from home.

There are many more things I might do were I again a girl, but these few suggestions will do for this day. Another time I may give a few more hints to girls who are good enough to listen to me. As my old teacher in penmanship used to say: "Command you may, your mind from play, long enough to see what wishes lie before you, and how very, very much you who are in the hour of radiant girlhood may make of your lives."

## Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg Heads Interior Department.

has advanced rapidly in various departments of the government service since entering it in 1873. His latest position, from which he has now been advanced to cabinet rank, was that of president of the province of Brandenburg, in which Berlin and Potsdam are situated, and, therefore, the most important district of his kind in the empire. He was a member of the Reichstag for one term, representing a moderate-conservative constituency. His grandfather was a Prussian minister of education and worship.

His appointment is said to have come as a great surprise. The Kaiser made the new minister aware of his promotion the other night in Berlin, at the opening performance of the remodeled Theater Royal. He told him of it quite casually, between acts. Next morning the papers were full of the news, giving unique details of how his majesty delighted in catching his new minister off his guard with the announcement of the distinction he was about to confer upon him.

Poultney Bigelow, the American writer, as is well known, was a classmate of Emperor William and of the new Prussian minister of the interior at Bonn. Mr. Bigelow had a fine chance to keep on the most intimate of terms with the Kaiser, so it is related in Berlin, but threw away the opportunity by accepting an engagement from an enterprising American life insurance company, which hired him for campaigning in Germany on the strength of his august connections.

### Exploited Kaiser's Friendship.

The Kaiser never liked the idea of his friendship being exploited in this way. Mr. Bigelow has never enjoyed the same standing in Berlin since then. William II was immensely fond of Mr. Bigelow, and used to find frequent opportunities of honoring him, both before and after becoming Kaiser. Another of the Kaiser's classmates who ranks among the "coming men" of Germany is Baron Windheim, former police president of Berlin. He is now president of the province of Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, and is said to be slated for the first high honors at his majesty's disposal.

### WHERE THE SHOE PINCHED.

Curious Mother—What was it that Ferdinand said to you just as we was going out that made you so angry? Disappointed Maiden—It was not what he said, but what he didn't say.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.